The World.

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OUT OF WORK.

A LITTLE calculation would show that Vice-President Albert Abrahams, of the Central Federated Union, is in error when he says that 200,000 union men in New York are idle, 200,000 more are working short hours, and that "we estimate the number of unemployed union and non-union" at 750,000. Representative Willett read to Congress a letter from Secretary Samuel A. Stodel, of the New York Council, I. W. W., giving the number of unemployed in New York at 147,000 union members and 356,000 non-unionists.

Both sets of figures are obviously in error.

It is doubtful whether there are 400,000 members with paid-up dues and in good standing in all the labor unions in Greater New York.

It is more doubtful whether, averaging these unions through, 15 per cent. of their members are out of work.

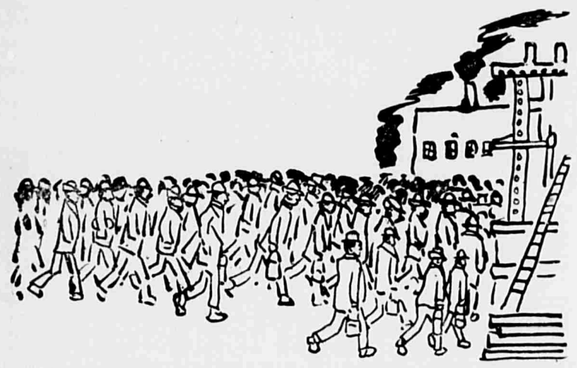
In several trades the percentage is higher, which leads an unthinking observer to make an overestimate.

Take the typographical unions, for instance. The job printing branch of the printing business has been dull since the first of the year. After getting out the annual catalogues, stationery, price lists and so on there was a falling off, which was increased by bad business conditions. Yet the men out of work are only 12 per cent. of the total of 7,000 members. The Press Publishing Company, which has 2,000 people on its payroll engaged in getting out The World, morning, evening and Sunday, employs more people than at the same date last year.

The transportation lines, which are the largest single employers of labor in New York, are if anything employing more men than at this time last year. The theatres, restaurants, hotels and shops are crowded.

Of the four million people in Greater New York half are minors. Assuming that all the men and 25 per cent. of the women work for wages, Mr. Abrahams's estimate would mean that one out of every three would be either out of work or on short time.

If this is true, the travel on the elevated, street cars, subways and the Brooklyn Bridge to and from work should show a corresponding falling off. Instead there is an increase.



There has been a falling off in the building trades because of the winter weather and the uncertainty as to new subways. As soon as the work on The Evening World's tri-borough subway is actually begun, building will revive and builders will anticipate the subway development. That is where new subways will give most work to the unemployed, not in the digging of them, but in the building up of the neighborhoods which they will develop.

Times are not as good as last spring, but the falling off is shown more in the number of coachmen and chauffeurs out of work than truckmen and motormen.

To take The World's Wants: Last week there were 6,520 Help Wanted and only 4,080 Situations Wanted. That indicates at least that there was a demand from thousands of employers for workmen to fill waiting jobs.

The recent panic was not industrial but financial, not a panic of workingmen and employers but of Wall street stock gamblers and speculative bankers.

Grover Cleveland's Message to the Democratic Party.

To the Editor of The World:

I have received your letter asking me to make a response to the following question: "What is the best principle and what the best policy to give the Democratic party new life?'

As a general proposition I might answer this question by saying that in my opinion this could be most surely brought about by a return to genuine Democratic doctrine and a close adherence to the Democratic policies which in times past gave our party success and benefited our people.

To be more specific in my reply, I should say that more than ever just at this time the Democratic party should display honest and sincere conservatism, a regard for constitutional limitations and a determination ***not to be swept from our moorings by temporary clamor or spectacular exploitation.***

Our people need rest and peace and reassurance; *and it will be quite in line with true Democracy and successful policy to impress upon our fellow-countrymen the fact that* ***Democracy still stands for those things.***

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Princeton, N. J., March 14.

Letters from the People.

Cuba vs. New York.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Regarding "A. C. R.'s" inquiry as to the climate of Cuba I do not see why some persons are so afraid of its climate. I very often hear of people saying that they would not like to risk their health by going there. Let me tell such persons that the Island of Cuba enjoys a climate far better than we New Yorkers have; inasmuch as there is no slush upon its streets such as we have in the tenement districts where the snow is often permitted to remain until Old Sol does the work. Another thing in Cuba's favor is that on the warmest days of the summer it never acquires as high a temperature as we sometimes have. Any New Yorker who goes there will only have to live as he does right here in New York with the exception that he will, of course, miss the delightful sensation of dodging automobiles, being dragged about by the Scrubway Guards of the Interborrow Rotten Transit and other such pleasant pastimes, that are part of a New Yorker's life. Havana is by far the best city on the island to live in. There are numerous boarding houses managed by Americans.

OLIVER A. PENA.

In The World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find a list of leap years and the rule by which to be able to find out whether certain years were leap years?

M. H.

IT'S THE LIMIT.

By Maurice Ketten.

Out of the Simplest Jest That's Sprung in a Happy Home Black Clouds of War May Rise and Knock the Status Quo.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Roy L. McCardell

"MRS. KITTINGLY is a Suffragette!" said Mrs. Jarr, with an air that implied the information would be of great interest to Mr. Jarr.

"Why don't she take something for it?" replied the gentleman adressed.

"Something for what?" queried Mrs. Jarr.

"Something for the suffering," said Mr. Jarr.

"There you go again, trying to be smart!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You know as well as I do what the Suffragette movement is."

"Massage? Osteopathy?" asked Mr. Jarr, with assumed density.

"It is the last time I'll ever speak to you!" cried Mrs. Jarr in vexation. "I may be dull and stupid in your eyes, but perhaps you are not as smart as you think you are, and many a time—many a time," repeated Mrs. Jarr impressively, "I pretend to be interested in what you are talking about when I really am not, so at least out of common politeness you might pretend to be interested in what I'm talking about."

"Can't you take a joke?" growled Mr. Jarr. "I know what a Suffragette is. It's that 'Votes for Women' thing."

"You might have said so at first," said Mrs. Jarr, "instead of pretending it was something about suffering or being sick."

"They make me sick!" said Mr. Jarr. "All they want to do is to get notoriety, to get in the papers, to get in jail."

"What women do to get in jail reflects more credit on them than what men do to get in jail," said Mrs. Jarr.

"We won't argue that point," said Mr. Jarr, "but if you'll notice it's always women like that Mrs. Kittingly who have nothing to do, nothing on their hands but gloves, nothing on their minds but false hair and dead birds, who"—

"It's better than the men, who have nothing on their tongues but abuse and nothing on their breath but whiskey"—

"I haven't had a drink of whiskey!" said Mr. Jarr quickly. "I had a glass of beer; just one glass of beer, that's all! And if you are going to kick up a fuss with me for a little thing like that and make the cracks you do when I'm trying to do what is right and keep straight, I'll go out and I will drink whiskey, and I'll drink a lot of it, too!"

"Oh, don't let me detain you from your pleasure and pastime!" said Mrs. Jarr icily. "If you are looking for an excuse to drink you are only wasting your time. I'll do nothing to stop you. Only I'll tell you this: If you go out of this house this night I'll go, too! I have friends; I have a family that cares for me, that always warned me, that always told me that this is how it would end! So, go!"

"I'll not be driven out of my home by you or anybody else!" snorted Mr. Jarr. "But you can go to your folks if you want to and see what they'll do for you! You are always talking about what a poor opinion they have of me, but it's a good enough opinion financially. They know who to come to when they want to borrow money, when they want a good name on their notes."

"Say what you want to about me, Edward Jarr!" cried Mrs. Jarr, bristling up. "Say what you want to about me and to me! Goodness knows I'm used to it, but don't abuse my family! They're too good for you and you know it!"

"Well, don't go driving me out of my house and picking a fuss with me about nothing, then," said Mr. Jarr, doggedly. "Did I say a word about your people?"

"You always say something about them," sobbed Mrs. Jarr, "and it's unkind and it's cruel!"

"I did not, I just joked you about your friend, Mrs. Kittingly being a woman's rights woman," said Mr. Jarr.

"What do I care about the Suffragettes?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I think they are just a lot of silly women who like to wear yellow badges and make a show of themselves to get their names in the papers and get arrested and attract attention generally."

"That's just what I said," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, Edward Jarr, you said nothing of the kind, and you know it!" said Mrs. Jarr.

As it looked as if it would all begin over again, Mr. Jarr admitted he hadn't said it and the conversation glided into the safe topic of what they'd have for supper.

Juvenile Courtship

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM IN DARKTOWN.

By F. G. Long

The Story of The Presidents

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 2—GEORGE WASHINGTON Part II.—(The Revolution)

TWO ragged soldiers (members of the down-at-heel, undisciplined rabble at Cambridge, which Washington in 1775 was trying to mould into some sort of effective shape) fell to quarrelling one day, just outside their barracks. One was a Virginian. The other a New Englander. From words they came to blows. A big man, running up, caught both the brawlers, one with each hand, brought their heads together with a resounding bang that knocked all thoughts of fighting out of them, and proceeded in a few angry, forceful words to explain the need of combining against their common foe, England, instead of squabbling with each other.

The big man was George Washington. This was but one of a hundred prompt, unusual actions whereby he succeeded in hammering that loose jointed colonial mob into a compact army.

From the average school history we are apt to get a very false view of the Revolution. We think of the entire body of colonies as glowing with holy patriotism, marching barefoot against the British through deep snow, or risking life and fortune for the cause. A nation composed wholly of brave, good men clamoring and fighting for liberty. And Washington, dressed in buff and blue, powdered of hair and stonily calm of face, riding a white horse to victory. It is a pretty picture, but it is not the truth.

As a matter of fact, a large party in America did not want the Revolution at all. Almost no one (not even Washington himself) at first desired independence. At most the patriots hoped by going to war to make England's colonial rule less oppressive. But numbers of Americans were opposed to this. They were loyal to England, looked on the revolutionists as traitors and threw every possible obstacle in their way. Again, thousands of so-called patriots enlisted through impulse or through desire for fun or adventure. They quickly tired of rigid camp discipline and caused infinite trouble to their commanders. Another class of Americans were eager for graft or other frauds and preyed like vultures on their country. Tricky politics, incompetence and dishonesty infested the whole revolutionary movement. Conspiracies were hatched to overthrow Washington, to thwart his plans and to give his place to some politician.

Dark Days of the War.

Against all this Washington had to contend. For eight long years he toiled at a task that would have crushed another man. Vastly outnumbered by the British; opposing an empty treasury to England's full war chest; fighting veteran regulars with raw farm boys or townsfolk; hampered by graft, favoritism, plots and inefficiency, he nevertheless continued to blaze the trail of Victory over trackless mountains of Obstacle.

He was bitterly criticised on every hand for his policy of retreating before a stronger foe. Yet he knew England's greater power could smash the patriot cause in a year if he tried to fight the mighty forces of Great Britain on terms of equality. His one hope was to make the war drag on until the British taxpayers should weary of standing the continuous cost and should demand peace.

Following out this course, in spite of the sneers of the enemy and the blame he received from his own countrymen, Washington pursued steadily the fearfully difficult course he had laid out. Eluding the enemy's cleverest traps, now and then (as at Trenton and elsewhere) turning in his retreat and striking a master-blow at the unsuspecting British, making the war yearly more difficult for his English foes to keep up; encouraging his own weary men, sharing their sufferings—this was the routine Washington held to for eight long years.

Little by little he saw his plans bear fruit. Benedict Arnold won the great battle of Saratoga (whose credit Gates stole), capturing Burgoyne's strong army of invasion and incidentally bringing about our open alliance with France. Arnold was Washington's dear friend. Washington's enemies struck at the Commander-in-Chief by heaping injustices on Arnold. The latter at length, smarting under injustice, turned traitor. This was a terrible blow to Washington, who no longer knew whom he could trust. But, strong in his own faith and genius, he fought on. And finally his victory of Yorktown (made possible by one of the most brilliant military manoeuvres on record) brought the war to a triumphant close.

Refuses Title of King.

The very people who had reviled Washington now hailed him gratefully as his country's deliverer. A faction of wild enthusiasts schemed to proclaim him king of the newly freed nation. Washington was furiously angry at the suggestion and replied in scathing rebuke.

"If you have any regard for your country or respect for me," he wrote to the ringleader of the plan, "banish these thoughts from your mind." He added that the scheme was "big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall any country," and said he viewed it with "abhorrence."

The war being over, Washington wrongly judged that America had no further need for his splendid services. So he retired to Mount Vernon, hoping to end his days there in peace and comfort. For he was over fifty, and the events of the Revolution had told sadly upon his iron strength.

But the country he had saved was not yet strong enough to do without him.

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained by applying to The Evening World Circulation Department.

A London Gin Palace's Day.

By Canon Horsley.

AN experienced temperance worker, a lady with two assistants, hired a room last month opposite a public house in Lambeth, and, provided with appliances for speedy and accurate counting, they noted and recorded the number of those who entered during a great part of one day—namely, from 10.30 A. M. to 1, and from 1.45 P. M. to midnight.

During the time—it was a Saturday—into that house there went 1,182 men, 1,257 women, 107 children, 111 babies; total, 2,687.

Had the observation been made all day it would probably have brought up the number to well over the 3,000 for a single house in Lambeth.

Of the four periods into which the watchers divided the day the women were in excess in all but one. Thus:

10.30 A. M. to 1 P. M.—117 men and 99 women.
1.45 P. M. to 6.30 P. M.—294 men and 309 women.
6.30 P. M. to 10 P. M.—366 men and 417 women.
10 P. M. and midnight—405 men and 471 women.

These last two hours of drinking are admittedly the most unnecessary and the most noxious. During them occur the most furious drinking, and from just before closing time on Saturday night comes the greatest proportion of violent assaults, and even murders, as chief constables have often pointed out.

In this instance, typical of what goes on in hundreds of similar places in poor districts, there were 66 more women than men thus spending the two last hours of the day and the week, and they brought with them 49 children.

Rules for Health.

By S. E. Kiser.

AVOID drinking stuff from bottles before you have looked at the labels.

Refrain from working in coal mines where there are likely to be accumulations of fire-damp.

When the elevator is overcrowded wait for the next car.

Skate only where you know the ice to be thick.

Wait for the car to stop, even if in so doing you waste three-quarters of a second of your valuable time.

If the man who calls you a liar is big and brawny treat him with silent contempt.

When you see a crowd of people running madly in any direction turn and go the other way.

Shun jails. They are likely to be very unsanitary.

Never take medicine for the purpose of keeping it from being wasted.

Don't be afraid of wearing out the bathtub.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Curious Condensations.

THE foreign trade of Japan in 1868 amounted to $130,600,000, and in 1906 to $4,215,300,000.

It is stated that the nourishment in three baked bananas is equal to about twenty-six pounds of bread.

Celery contains sulphur and helps to ward off rheumatism.

A Paris insurance company refuses risks on men who dye their hair.

The Clash of Wits.

"WAS it a case of love at first sight?" asked the sentimental girl.

"It couldn't have been," answered Miss Cayenne. "When they first met he was wearing football clothes and she had on her motor car costume."—Washington Star.

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Mrs. Chatterton—I always weigh my words before speaking.

Mr. Chatterton—Well, my dear, no one can accuse you of giving short weight.—Illustrated Bits.

• • •

"Where is the spirit of '76?" thundered the holiday orator.

"All drunk up," moaned the unkempt but interested individual in the front row.—Judge.